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Said another, "It says in the 5th of chapter of Matthew, 'Blessed are the Peace Makers for they shall be called the children of God.'"

But who are the peace makers?

All who try to make every body love each other.

But why are they called the children of God?

Because God loves them as a Father does his children?

Said another, "Because they love what he loves."

One little flaxen haired, rosy cheeked fellow said, "My father is a captain, and he says I shall be a soldier. But if I am, I never will kill any body; I should rather be killed."

But how fine a thing to have a red coat, and cap and sword, and be honored as captains are!

The boy listened for a moment, and then said, "I can't help that: I would rather be shot than kill any body: for God says 'Thou shalt not kill,' and if we break his commandments, he will punish us."

Reader, are you a teacher, or a parent, beware how you train up your children. Teach them while young that they are to love every body as they do themselves. If parents and teachers would do their duty, and show their children what war really is, their children would hate it, and give up their childish weapons, and disband their little companies. It is high time for Christians to look at this subject, and cease from training their sons to be lovers of war.

"BELT."

Gorham, Me., July 20th, 1845.

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

THE REVEL OF DEATH.

Within Chew's house, this was the scene:—

Near the window clustered a gallant band of British officers, who gave the word to the men, directed the dead to be taken from the floor, or gazed out upon the lawn in the endeavor to pierce the gloom of the contest.

Some were young and handsome officers, others were veterans who had mowed their way through many a fight, and all were begrimed with the blood and smoke of the battle. Their gaudy coats were rent, the plume dropped from the head of one, and another fell into his comrade's arms, as he received the ball in his heart.

While they were gazing from the window, a singular incident occurred.

A young officer, standing in the midst of his comrades, felt something drop from the ceiling, and trickle down his cheek.

The fight was fierce and bloody in the attic overhead. They could hear the cannon balls tearing the shingles from the roof—they could hear the low deep groans of the dying.

Another drop fell from the ceiling—another and another.

"It is blood," cried his comrades; and a laugh went round the group.

Drop after drop fell from the ceiling: and, in a moment, a thin liquid stream came trickling down, and patted upon the blood-stained floor.

The young officer reached forth his hand; he held it extended beneath the falling stream; he applied it to his lips.

"Not blood, but wine!" he shouted. "Good old Madeira wine!"

The group gathered round the young officer in wonder. It was wine—good old wine—that was dripping from the ceiling. In a few moments, the young officer, running through the gloom and confusion of the stairway, had ransacked the attic, had discovered under the eaves of the roof, between the

rafters and the floor, some three dozen bottles of Madeira wine, placed there for safe keeping, some score of years before the battle. These bottles were soon drawn from their resting place, and the eyes of the group in the room below were presently astonished by the vision of the ancient bottles, all hung with cobwebs, their sealed corks all covered with dust.

In a moment, the necks were struck off some half-dozen bottles, and while the fire poured from the window along the lawn; while cries and shrieks and groans broke on the air; while the smoke came rolling in the window, now in folds of midnight darkness, and now turned to lurid red by the glare of the flashing cannon; while the terror and gloom of battle rose around them, the group of officers poured the wine in an ancient goblet, discovered in a closet of the mansion—they filled it brimming full of wine, and drank a royal health to the good King George!

They drank and drank again, until their eyes sparkled, and their lips grew with loyal words, and their thirst for blood—the blood of the rebels—was excited to madness. Again and again, were the soldiers shot down at the window, again were their places filled, and once more the goblet went round from lip to lip, and the old wine was poured like water, in healths to good King George!

“Health to King George, death to the rebels!”

The shout arose from the lips of a gray headed veteran, and he fell to the earth a mangled corpse. The arm that raised the goblet, was shattered at the elbow by one musket ball, and another penetrated his brain.

The goblet was seized by another hand, and the revel grew loud and wild, the sparkling wine was poured forth like water, healths were drank, hurrahs were shouted, and—another officer measured his length on the floor. He had received his ball of death.

There was something of ludicrous horror in the scene.

Those sounds of revel and bacchanalian uproar breaking on the air, amid the short and terrible intervals of battle—those faces flushed by wine, and agitated by all the madness of the moment, turned from one side to another, every lip wearing a ghastly smile, every eye glaring from its socket, while every voice echoed the drunken shout and the fierce hurrah.

Another officer fell wounded, and another, and yet another. The young officer, who had discovered the wine, alone remained.

Even in this moment of horror, we cannot turn our eyes away from his young countenance, with its hazel eyes and thickly clustered hair.

He glanced around on his wounded and dying comrades—he looked vacantly in the faces of the dead, he gazed upon the terror and confusion of the scene, and then he seized the goblet, filled it brimming full of wine and raised it to his lips.

His lip touched the edge of the goblet, his face was reflected in the quivering wavelets of the wine, his eyes rolled wildly to and fro, and then a musket shot pealed through the window. The officer glared around with a maddened glance, and then the warm blood, spouting from the wound between his eye-brows, fell drop by drop into the goblet, and mingled with the ruby wine.

And then there was a wild shout—a heavy body toppled to the floor—and the young soldier, with a curse on his lips, went drunken to his God.—*Washington and his Generals.*